

A Trip to the Orient.

by Rev. D. Gregory Gerrer O. S. B.

Perhaps some Jews have left a flourishing business in another country where they were free and protected, to come to this country without traffic and without money, to expose themselves to the insults of the Moslems and all. They suffer insults, miseries and sickness without complaint, in order to have a right to weep in secret in the kingdom of David, to wait for Him whom they expect, and if He does not come, to place their remains in the land of Abraham. What a strange and mysterious race of people, who keep on waiting and transmit their intractable hope from generation to generation. They show a tenacity of faith, a hope of their uprising, a constancy in their religion, which would be one of the most inexplicable mysteries of history if it had not been clearly foretold in Holy Scripture. There they patiently live, immovable, separated, they do not mix with the other people, whilst they remain in their midst to suffer from them; the more fortunate come to die under the heel of the Turk near the tombs of their forefathers!

The Russian and Polish Jews are known by their fur cap whilst others wear a large black hat. The French Jews have a nice synagogue ornamented in the Arabian style. The synagogue of the German Jews has ancient columns with an old Greek inscription on the exterior.

The view from the Hotel Tiberias is beautiful. Near by is a dilapidated mosque with a few date palms; to the right are the old walls with two towers back of which are the mountains, in front and towards the left is the city, then the Sea of Galilee with the mountains in the back ground.

The streets of Tiberias are narrow and crooked and lined with shops all of which are small, without windows and without ventilation; everything for sale is piled up there in a heap; the shops are dirty, the streets are dirty, the men are dirty, and the women and children are dirty. Wherever a person looks there is dirt. Tiberias is notorious throughout Palestine for its fleas. The Arabs say that the King of fleas resided there.

We stopped at the Casa Nova of the Franciscans in a respectable part of the town. It is built right on the banks of the lake. Here we saw a continual procession of men, women and children; horses, camels and dogs